

## ADVENTURE

By

JACK LONDON

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## SYNOPSIS

Sheldon, owner of Beranda plantation, though desperately ill, overawes and controls 200 head hunting Solomon Islanders by force of will and weapons. Chief seems to him with forty men.

He returns Arunga, a runaway laborer, Sheldon has Arunga and Billy whipped to quell a mutiny. His sickness increases. His partner, Hughes, and many laborers die.

Joan Lockland, a pretty girl, arrives with her crew of Tahitians. Sheldon is some unconscious, and she takes charge of things.

She is a self-reliant American girl, a lover of adventure, a native of Hawaii and an orphan. Her ship has been wrecked. She proves to Sheldon that she can shoot.

She resists his friendly suggestions, and they quarrel. She makes it plain that she is not matrimonially inclined. She and Sheldon save two black women from death.

## CHAPTER VI

## TEMPEST.

It was the first time Sheldon had been at close quarters with an American girl, and he would have wondered if all American girls were like Joan Lockland had he not had wit enough to realize that she was not at all typical. Her quick mind and changing moods bewildered him, while her outlook on life was so different from what he conceived a woman's outlook should be that he was more often than not at sixes and sevens with her. He could never anticipate what she would say or do next. Her temper was quick and stormy, and she relied too much on herself and on little on him, which did not approximate at all to his ideal of woman's conduct when a man was around. Her assumption of equality with him was disconcerting, and at times he half consciously resented the impudence and blarney of her intrusion upon him, rising out of the sea in a howling nor'wester, fresh from poking her revolver under Ericson's nose, protected by her gang of huge Polynesian sailors and seething down in Beranda like any shipwrecked sailor. It was all on a par with her laden-Powell and the long 38 Colt's.

At any rate, she did not look the part. And that was what he could not forgive. Had she been short-haired, heavy-jawed, large-muscled, hard-featured and utterly unlovely in every way all would have been well, instead of which she was hopelessly and deliciously feminine. Her hair worked him, it was so generously beautiful. And she was so slenderly and prettily the woman—the girl, rather, that it cut him like a knife to see her with quick, comprehensive eyes and sharply imperative voice superintending the launching of the whaleboat through the surf. In imagination he could see her robing a horse, and it always made him shudder. Then, too, he was so many-sided.

Sheldon certainly was not happy. The unconventional state of affairs ran too much for his conservative disposition and training. Beranda, inhabited by one lone white man, was a place for Joan Lockland. Yet he asked his brain for a way out, and even talked it over with her. In the first place, the steamer from Australia was not due for three weeks.

"One thing is evident; you don't want me here," she said. "I'll make the whale boat tomorrow and go over to Tulagi."

"But as I told you before, that is impossible," he cried. "There is no steamer there. The resident commissioner is away in Australia. There is only one white man, a third assistant understrapper and ex-sailor—a common sailor. He is in charge of the government of the Solomons, to say nothing of a hundred or so negroes—rascals. Besides, he is such a fool that he would be you for not having entered at Tulagi, which is the port of entry, you know. He is not a nice man, and I repeat, it is impossible."

"There is Guvutu," she suggested. "There's nothing there but fever and five white men who are drinking themselves to death. I couldn't permit it."

"Oh, thank you," she said quickly. "I guess I'll start today—Viaburi! You go along Noah, speak 'me come long me."

Noah was her head sailor, who had been bestowed of the Miele. "Where are you going?" Sheldon asked in surprise. "Viaburi! You top."

"To Guvutu—immediately," was her reply.

"But I won't permit it." "That is why I am going. You said once before, and it is something I cannot brook."

"What?" He was bewildered by her sudden anger. "If I have offended in any way—"

"Viaburi, you fetch 'me one fella Noah along me," she commanded. The black boy started to obey.

"Viaburi! You stop! I break 'me head belong you. And now, Miss Lockland, I insist; you must explain. What have I said or done to merit this?"

"You have presumed, you have dared—"

She choked and swallowed and could not go on. Sheldon looked the picture of despair. "I confess my head is going around with it all," he said. "If you could only be explicit."

"But you have no right—no man has the right—to tell me what he will permit or not permit. I'm too old to



"A GENTLEMAN IS EVERY WOMAN'S GUARDIAN."

have a guardian, nor did I sail all the way to the Solomons to find one."

"A gentleman is every woman's guardian."

"Well, I'm not every woman—that's all. Will you kindly allow me to send your boy for Noah? I wish him to launch the whaleboat. Or shall I go myself for him?"

Both were now on their feet, she with flushed cheeks and angry eyes, he puzzled, vexed and alarmed. The black boy stood like a statue—a plumb black statue—taking no interest in the transaction of these incomprehensible whites.

"But you won't do anything so foolish," he began.

"There you go again," she cried. "I didn't mean it that way, and you know I didn't." He was speaking slowly and gravely. "And that other thing, that not permitting—it is only a manner of speaking. Of course I am not your guardian. You know you can go to Guvutu if you want to—or to the devil, he was almost tempted to add.

"Only, I should deeply regret it, that is all. And I am very sorry that I should have said anything that hurt you. Remember, I am an Englishman."

Joan smiled and sat down again.

"Perhaps I have been hasty," she admitted. "You see, I am intolerant of restraint. If you only knew how I have been compelled to fight for my freedom. It is a sore point to me, and to do by you self constituted lords of creation. Viaburi! You stop along kitchen. No bring 'me Noah. And now, Mr. Sheldon, what am I to do? You don't want me here, and there doesn't seem to be any place for me to go."

"That is unfair. Your being wrecked here has been a godsend to me. I was very lonely and very sick. I really am not certain whether or not I should have pulled through had you not happened along. But that is not the point. Personally, purely selfishly personally, I should be sorry to see you go. But I am not considering myself. I am considering you. It is hardly the proper thing, you know. If I were married—if there were some woman of your own race here—but as it is—"

She threw up her hands in mock despair.

"I cannot follow you," she said. "In one breath you tell me I must go, and in the next breath you tell me there is no place to go and that you will not permit me to go. What is a poor girl to do?"

"That's the trouble," he said helplessly.

"And the situation annoys you."

"Only for your sake."

"Then let me save your feelings by telling you that it does not annoy me at all—except for the row you are making about it. I never allow what can't be changed to annoy me. I can't go elsewhere, by your own count. You certainly can't go elsewhere and leave me here alone with a whole plantation and 200 woolly cannibals on my hands. Therefore, you stay, and I stay. It is very simple. Also, it is adventure. And furthermore, you needn't worry for yourself. I am not matrimonially inclined. I came to the Solomons for a plantation, not a husband."

Sheldon flushed, but remained silent.

"I know what you are thinking," she laughed wryly. "That if I were a man, you'd wring my neck for me. And I deserve it, too. I'm so sorry. I ought not to keep on hurting your feelings."

"I'm afraid I rather invite it," he said, relieved by the signs of the tempest subsiding.

"I have it," she announced. "Lend me a gang of your boys for today. I'll build a grass house for myself over in the far corner of the compound on piles, of course. I can move in tonight. I'll be comfortable and safe. The Tahitians can keep an anchor watch just as aboard ship. And then I'll study coconut planting. In return, I'll run the kitchen end of your household and give you some decent food to eat. And finally, I

won't listen to any of your protests. On the other hand, if you don't agree, I will go across the river, beyond your jurisdiction, and build a village for myself and my sailors, whom I shall send in the whaleboat to Guvutu for provisions. And now I want you to teach me billiards."

Joan took hold of the household with no uncertain grip, revolutionizing things till Sheldon hardly recognized the place. For the first time the bungalow was clean and orderly. No longer the house boys loafed and did as little as they could, while the cook complained that "head belong him walk about too much" from the strenuous course in cooking, which she put him through. Nor did Sheldon escape being roundly lectured for his laziness in eating nothing but tinned provisions. She called him a muddler and a slouch, and other invidious names, for his slackness and his disregard of beautiful food.

She sent her whaleboat down the coast twenty miles for limes and oranges, and wanted to know scathingly why said fruits had not long since been planted at Beranda, while he was beneath contempt because there was no kitchen garden. Mummy apples, which he had regarded as weeds, under her guidance appeared as appetizing breakfast fruit, and, at dinner, were metamorphosed into puddings that elicited his unqualified admiration. She or her sailors dynamited fish daily, while the Batesons natives were paid tobacco for bringing in oysters from the mangrove swamps.

Among other things, she burned the pestilential hospital, quarreled with Sheldon over the deed and in anger set her own men to work building a new and what she called a decent hospital. She robbed the windows of their lawn and muslin curtains, replacing them with gaudy calico from the trade store and made herself several gowns. When she wrote out a list of goods and clothing for herself, to be sent down to Sydney by the first steamer, Sheldon wondered how long she had made up her mind to stay.

She was certainly unlike any woman he had ever known or dreamed of. So far as he was concerned, she was not a woman at all. She neither languished nor blushed. No feminine lures were wasted on him. He might have been her brother, or she his brother, for all sex had to do with the strange situation. Despite his warnings about crocodiles and sharks, she persisted in swimming in deep water off the beach, nor could he persuade her, when she was in the boat, to let one of the sailors throw the dynamite when shooting fish. She argued that she was at least a little bit more intelligent than they and that, therefore, there was less liability of an accident if she did the shooting. She was to him the most masculine and at the same time the most feminine woman he had ever met.

A source of continual trouble between them was the disagreement over methods of handling the black boys. She ruled by stern kindness, rarely rewarding, never punishing, and he had to confess that her own sailors worshipped her, while the house boys were her slaves and did three times as much work for her as he had ever got out of them. She quickly saw the unrest of the contract laborers and was not blind to the danger, always imminent, that both she and Sheldon ran. Neither of them ever ventured out without a revolver, and the sailors who stood the night watches by Joan's grass house were armed with rifles. But Joan insisted that this reign of terror had been caused by the reign of fear practised by the white men. She had been brought up with the gentle Hawaiians, who never were ill-treated nor roughly handled, and she generalized that the Solomon Islanders, under kinder treatment, would grow gentle.

One evening a terrific uproar arose in the barracks, and Sheldon, aided by Joan's sailors, succeeded in rescuing two women whom the blacks were beating to death. To save them from the vengeance of the blacks they were guarded in the cook house for the night. They were the two women who did the cooking for the laborers, and their offense had consisted of one of them taking a bath in the big caldron in which the potatoes were boiled. The blacks were not outraged from the standpoint of cleanliness; they often took baths in the caldrons themselves. The trouble lay in that the bath had been a low, degraded, wretched female, for to the Solomon Islanders all females are low, degraded and wretched.

CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT HAS LOST SOME OF ITS POWER

By Associated Press.  
Washington, Feb. 22.—The interior department has lost its time-honored exclusive privilege of granting rights of way on public lands through a decision by Assistant Attorney General Knaebel. Mr. Knaebel decided that congress has vested the secretary of agriculture with the authority to issue rights of way on national forests for electrical power or telephone and telegraph purposes. There was a difference between the interior and agricultural departments regarding the interpretation of the act of congress providing for granting rights of way on public lands and reservations for fifty year periods.

SERVICES CONDUCTED OVER THE WRONG BODIES.

By Associated Press.  
Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 22.—By a mistake made at Selma on Wednesday, the bodies of two negroes, Dave Johnson and Life White, were mixed up and subsequently funeral services in Thomson and Marion were preached over the wrong bodies. The mistake was first discovered in Thomson after the sermon had been delivered there and while the mourners were taking their last look at the corpse. Subsequent inquiry resulted that a similar circumstance had occurred at Marion, and the bodies were promptly reshipped to their proper destinations.

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## PROTESTS ANY REVISION OF THE STEEL RATES.

By Associated Press.  
Washington, Feb. 22.—Josiah T. Rose, representing the Atlanta Steel Company of Atlanta, before the senate finance committee today, vigorously protested against the house steel tariff revision bill. He said to meet the foreign competition that would follow the proposed reduction, wages would have to be cut, placing American skilled labor practically on a par with European labor.

## SHUSTER REACHES NEW YORK FROM PERSIA.

By Associated Press.  
New York, Feb. 22.—W. Morgan Shuster, erstwhile treasurer general of Persia, arrived here today. H. H. Topkanyan, consul general of Persia, in New York greeted Mr. Shuster and the responsibility of Persia for his safety ceased.

Mr. Shuster asserted that Persia had been unjustly treated by Russia and England and reiterated his views that the crushing of Persia was a lasting shame.

## STORM TIES UP ALL TRAFFIC IN MICHIGAN.

By Associated Press.  
Detroit, Mich., Feb. 22.—Although the terrific snow and wind storm that swept the lower half of the state yesterday and last night had abated some today, traffic in all directions is practically at a standstill. Railroads out of Detroit had snow plows in operation by dawn and it was expected trains would be running nearly on scheduled time by tonight.

## TEACHING SCHOOL THOUGH NO PUPILS ARE ATTENDING

By Associated Press.  
Emporia, Kas., Feb. 22.—A school without pupils being "taught" by Miss Blanche Bullock at Hazel Dell school house near here.

Only four pupils are enrolled, the children of farmers. A few days ago the teacher published one of the pupils and all four are being kept out of the school by the parents.

## MAN WHO ESCAPED JAIL IS UNDER ARREST

By Associated Press.  
Bloom, Miss., Feb. 22.—United States Marshal W. O. Ligon today received news from Meadville, Miss., of the arrest there of J. H. McDaniel, alias "Red" McDaniel, who recently escaped from the McComb City jail, where he had been placed under charges of violating the federal court injunction against strikers and sympathizers interfering with the business of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. McDaniel is a machinist and was formerly employed by the Illinois Central.

"And does this fat little boy belong in jail?"

"No," we just use him to try the ice with before we go skating."—Houston Post.

Krieger—How long does the cook promise to stay?  
Mrs. Krieger—She says she will finish breaking this set of china.—Houston Sun.

"Baby is a good mixer, isn't he?"  
"You're right he is. I saw him passing his individual sanitary cup around in the crowd yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you hear about the awful affliction which has befallen Mrs. Talkitt?"  
"I thoroughly agree with you," replied "Yes, that is what she has lost her hearing."—Houston Post.

"Where," asked the female suitor, "would you be today were it not for woman?"  
He'd be in the Garden of Eden, eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.—Tribune.

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"The object of the average explorer seems to be to acquire enough material for a lecture."  
"Yes, that is my wife's aim when she explores my pockets."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Things might be worse," said the man who tries to be cheerful.  
"Yes, that is what she has lost her hearing."—Houston Post.

## CYCLONE LEFT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN WAKE

By Associated Press.  
Shreveport, La., Feb. 22.—Reports reaching this city today told of the passage of Tuesday's cyclone in two sections of north Louisiana, leaving death and destruction wherever it touched. A widow named Crow, white, was killed in her home seven miles west of Homer, Claiborne parish, and a white man named Timon was killed six miles from Ringgold, Bienville parish.

In both parishes scores of persons were injured and fully one hundred houses were demolished. Livestock was killed by the wholesale. The roads in many places are now impassable, being piled high with uprooted trees and debris.

The list of dead in Caddo and Bossier parishes, where the storm was at its worst, remains at ten, all but one being negroes.

## GOVERNMENT TO INQUIRE INTO BEEF CO. PURCHASE.

By Associated Press.  
Chicago, Feb. 22.—The government planned today to inquire into the purchase of the New York Butcher Dressing Beef Company by the National Packing Company in April, 1907, by calling as witnesses in the packers' trial Frederick and Moses H. Joseph, who are said to have acted as agents of Edward Tilden, one of the defendants in the negotiations.

## ROOSEVELT RETURNS TO NEW YORK FROM OHIO

By Associated Press.  
New York, Feb. 22.—Theodore Roosevelt returned to New York today from his trip in Ohio.

"How did they treat you in Ohio?" he was asked.  
"Bully," said the colonel.  
"Your Columbus speech has aroused a good deal of comment," was suggested to him.

"Good sound doctrine," he replied.

## ANOTHER FOR COUNTY BOARD

JAS. McHUGH, FORMER ALDERMAN, ANNOUNCES AS COMMISSIONER FROM DISTRICT NO. 1.

James McHugh, a well-known citizen, announces his candidacy this morning for county commissioner from district No. 1, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries and promises, if elected, to give the office

the same attention that he has his own extensive business.

Mr. McHugh is an old resident of Pensacola and has served in several public offices. For thirteen years he was an alderman from precinct 13, and retired from that office because he moved into another district. He has also served on the Democratic executive committee of Escambia county.

ENTIRE BLOCK IN PITTSBURG THREATENED

By Associated Press.  
Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 22.—An entire block in the center of the city was threatened by fire today when the building occupied by the Frost Wolf Company, junk dealers, was destroyed with a loss of \$75,000. The wind was blowing a gale and firemen worked in vain.

The plants of the Diamond Forging and Manufacturing Company and the Pittsburg Steel Manufacturing Company, over 500,000 feet of pipe, were damaged to the extent of \$109,000 by fire during the night.

James McHUGH.

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## STILLMAN IS A CANDIDATE

FORMER COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS AT PENSACOLA ANNOUNCES FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER FROM DISTRICT NO. 3

John E. Stillman, formerly Republican collector of customs at Pensacola and for many years a Republican leader in Florida federal politics, announces that he is a candidate in the Democratic primaries for county commissioner from district No. 3. This district is now represented by Gen. H. Davis.

Mr. Stillman is one of Pensacola's most prominent business men and progressive citizens and he has received, he says, a great many requests to become a candidate. He says also that he has left the Republican party and that he believes being a candidate in a Democratic primary the most effective way of emphasizing that fact. Mr. Stillman's candidacy will inject some new features into the campaign which have not heretofore been known in an Escambia county primary and it promises to make a very interesting contest.

662, day or night, will get a launch quick. Pensacola Launch Company.

## YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.

Furnished by the local office, weather bureau, U. S. department of agriculture, under the direction of William Moore, chief of bureau, Washington, D. C.

Pensacola's Temperature Data.

Highest on record for February, 73 degrees.

Lowest on record for February, 7 degrees.

Average of the highest daily temperatures for February, 64 degrees.

Average of the lowest daily temperatures for February, 50 degrees.

Highest temperature yesterday morning, 33 degrees.

Pensacola's Rainfall Data.

Normal rainfall for the month of February, 4.6 inches.

Total rainfall this February to 7 p. m., 3.11 inches.

Total excess, Jan. 1st to Jan. 31st, .93 inches.

## STATIONS.

	P. m.	Temp.	Wind	Weather	7 p. m.
Abilene	63	56	..	Cloudy	
Atlanta	58	46	..	Clear	
Boston	36	36	..	Cloudy	
Buffalo	12	14	..	Clear	
Birmingham	33	44	..	Clear	
Chicago	32	26	..	Cloudy	
Denver	30	30	..	Cloudy	
Galveston	52	54	..	Clear	
Hatteras	42	46	..	Clear	
Huron	30	34	..	Cloudy	
Jacksonville	30	34	..	Clear	
Kansas City	36	44	..	Clear	
Knockville	34	34	..	Clear	
Louisville	30	32	..	Clear	
Memphis	28	42	..	Clear	
Montgomery	42	46	..	Clear	
Moorehead	32	30	..	Clear	
New Orleans	48	52	..	Clear	
New York	28	30	..	Cloudy	
North Platte	28	30	..	Clear	
Oklahoma	42	46	..	Clear	
Palestine	60	54	..	Cloudy	
Pensacola	46	51	..	Clear	
Phoenix	46	50	..	Clear	
Pittsburg	30	20	..	Cloudy	
St. Louis	52	54	..	Clear	
St. Paul	24	26	..	Snow	
Salt Lake City	36	38	..	Cloudy	
San Francisco	56	62	..	Cloudy	
Sheridan	28	38	..	Cloudy	
Seattle	44	44	..	Rain	
Spokane	46	50	..	Clear	
Tampa	48	54	..	Clear	
Toledo	18	22	..	Clear	
Washington	22	28	..	Cloudy	
Williston	28	32	..	Cloudy	

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